593 it is considered highly improper behavior to go against
578 one's cross-siblings. Today, the Bororo frequently quarrel with their spouses when they are drunk, and infidelities, divorces, and remarriages are common. But in the resulting fights it is always the brothers and sisters who stand against their respective spouses. There is no obligatory
593 [835] levirate among the Bororo and they condemn any sexual rela-
[522] tion with the brother's wife, although jokes between the two are allowed and expected. Brothers are supposed to make a common front against outsiders, and the sexual involvement of a man with his brother's wife would put a handicap on
[578] this. Most of the quarrels among the Bororo concern sexual
593 affairs. A man who is having sexual relations with his
835 brother's wife, but together with the brother goes against another man who is also having an affair with the same woman, could be asked by this last man: "Why are you going against me? You too have been sleeping with your brother's wife." The Bororo say that this would be shameful for both brothers.

587 On the other hand, a man who is very sick may call one
593 of his unmarried brothers and tell him that he is going to

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[585] akaiwore, uwo kodo towuje akudawuje, uwo beto towuje akudawuje,
[539] uwo atugo rakoja baku tovuje, uwo akaimo, uwo akududo. Awudo bogaire apoga mode akodadai akaregodui karo jao, barogo jao piji du tabo, akaregodui tori, itura piji du tabo. Kaje jawo karega aerudu kare ache, atuye makaguragai t akai duji. Awudore ache modema, aviye modema. Iyeripo tabo arore ji, akaba pagududo tudui poboto duji, tudui jerigi kae duji. Akaba pagududo tui ako karo kodu, ako barogo kodu ko duji. Jetuwo t akodoi tujeba areduji, [illegible]yogudugodure ji boeji. Akaba pagududo, uchewo aki, uwowo aki, uyedagawo aki, uvuriwo aki, paduwo akujiyagi, jetuwo akodoi pudabo.

587 die soon and he wants him (the brother) to have his wife; he
593 should take care of her as he himself did, and look after his children too so nobody will take the food from their mouths. After that the brother will go to fish and hunt for the sick man, and, when the latter dies and all his funeral ceremonies are over, the brother will take his place as the husband. The Bororo find this arrangement very wise. The family is provided with food during the sickness of the man, and after his death the woman will soon have another man so she can quietly remain in her house. She will not have to spend the time catching other men around the village and neglecting her children.

562 For the women things go differently. A good wife is
593 supposed to tolerate her husband having sexual relations with
837 her unmarried sister or with her daughter from a previous marriage. If a woman likes her sister's husband or her mother's husband, both of them, i.e., the two sisters or the
[614] mother and the daughter, can become that man's wife. Women, however, are not supposed to show, and in fact do not show, the same tolerance if the husband has an affair with a woman
[578] belonging to another clan. When this happens, it is considered a direct offense to the wife's physical appearance, her
593 ability in making love, and her cooking. It is also better
837 for the man to stay away from the married sisters of his wife.
602 Their husbands are the people with whom he stays in contin-
835 uous contact. They live in the same house, they are his companions in fishing and hunting, and the peace of the fam-

success from the economic point of view, but what is more important seems to be the pleasure that the couple derive from being alone, away from their families, and free from continuous observation of the rules of public conduct.

There are advantages in having brothers and sisters: the brothers will be a support during quarrels, and the sisters will send their siblings gifts of food, part of what they collect in the woods, or pieces of the game their husbands kill. A man will receive food from his brother's wife if he does not have any closer relative. On the other hand, a man finds some disadvantages in having many brothers: the competition in asserting oneself in ceremonies is much stronger, especially if the knowledge and ability of the brothers is comparable. There will be a lot of tension and envy among ambitious brothers in competing for the honor of being called on as a performer by the yorubodare lineage from the other moiety. A wife who has many brothers can also be a handicap. One will have to hunt and fish not only for the wife's mother and father, but he will have to send part of the food to her brothers too. They may frequently come to ask for ornaments and artifacts, for hunting and fishing tools, all of which the husband is supposed to give to his brothers-in-law without showing any sign of dissatisfaction. He cannot even ask for recompence, mori, as he would do with anybody else, because, as the Bororo say, "he is living with his compensation" (mori tabo rugaduye tumugure oino kodi)—with the sister that they have given him in marriage.

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[825] faces are black."[2]

613 827 578 At other times the insult is formulated as a riddle in which the habitat of a particular animal or insect is described: "People say to the Bokodori Echerae: 'Tell me, who is the one who looks from below the straw mat?'" (Boe egore Bokodori Echerae ei: Kaboba cheba aiwore kodo, beto ena pijiboe akagoino i.) The answer is: cockroaches (boorewuge).

614 827 Most names of the clans are also derived from some of the purported ancestors, but the fact that they have been chosen as names dows not make them associated with the clan more closely than the other ancestral beings and objects.

[825] "Paiwoe originated from pai (howling monkey). At first the Bororo did not call them Paiwoe; they called them: 'those who originated from pai.' But then the Bororo improved their name, so they called them Paiwoe. Those who originated from the black pai are called Paiwoe Chebegiwuge; those who originated from the pai with red chest are called Paiwoe Chobugiwuge.

"When the Apiborege were in the village of Apibo, they saw apido (acuri palm). With its leaves they built their houses. The Bororo saw them and gave them the name Apiborege. But they were not called Apiborege at first; they were called Apido Arege (the masters of apido). But then the Bororo made their name prettier."[2]

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1 "Kiye boe egore, eduye juko ki otoji. Boe egore, kodire ekera, epogora kodu bokware, kodire eviri chore, e chore."

2 "Pai otojire Paiwoe edure. Kodire boe ego karegure Paiwoe oino cha ei. 'Pae oto jiwuge' oinore boe egore ei. Kodire karega ichare ere pemegado. Kodire ichare boe egore Paieoe oino ei. Pai choreu otojire eire boe egore Paiwoe Chebegiwuge, pai para kujagureu otojiwu Paiwoe eire boe egore Paiwoe Chobugiwuge oino.

"Apiborege erudu nure apidoji rakojei t Apibo bororo keje duji. Kodire ichare ere tuwaido aiche. Du jire boe erudure. Kodire ichare boere eyedo Apiborege oino. Mare oino karega

773 /147/ In the legend of Ké-Marugodu (v. pages 175, 176,
593 and 181 of the present book /not included in this translation/,
Adugoedu, the jaguar, recommends to his wife that she should not laugh and not play with other men. When, in spite of this, she is led to laugh by Ké-Marugodu, the lizard, she
[616] falls dead in the same instant. Referring to the separation of the sexes of the exogamous "halves," we have already found out "that any look or smile between persons of different sex and diverse 'half' is generally considered evil and immoral." Undoubtedly, jealousy is one of the motives of this custom and of that passage quoted from the legend of Ké-Marugodu.

152 Among the Bororo, both sexes show jealousy. Not
578 rarely the jealousy of the women leads them to true duels.

562 We know of the duel of the women of the Chamacoco (Baldus: Indianerstudien, p. 62). Karl von den Steinen (o.c., p. 454) describes that of the Bororo in the following manner: "When the contention within the hut reached the culminating point, it was concluded by a kind of fight. They went running out to the plaza; Xantippe seemed to be the impartial one. Talking and gesticulating in a lively fashion, she placed three women on one side, and Maria, alone, in front of them. One of the three advanced with a great leap, and Maria went to meet her. They got each other by the waist, and a fierce fight began. And within a few seconds they formed the center of a thick clew of curious and combatants, a clew that turned in the center and in conjunction with a larger and looser mass /148/ along the houses. There was a mad pushing and pressing, the men laughing, leaping, beside themselves with pleasure, the women howling at their utmost, while the two adversaries held on to each other, firmly embraced and caught by the hair. Finally, they were separated by force."

578 Among the Bororo visited by me, the woman, for the
411 duel, tied oblong pieces of the hide armed with the spines of the tail of the fresh-water ray, on the inner side on the front joints of the finger. The men do the same thing, and try to scratch the adversary with this, striking him and

/148 cont./

578 411 [123] embracing him. Besides this, the men tie some whole skins of the tail of the ray on the calves of the leg and then throw the leg between the upper parts of the enemies' thighs. In the missions as well as in Tori-paru I was able to acquire these weapons. Not only by means of them, but also with their nails pointed especially for this purpose, the women [562] scratch the face and the body of the antagonist. While doing it, they utter many sharp screams, while the men fight in silence, except, if the ounce were the adversary, they would try to irritate it by means of shouting.

562 578 521 152 The Bororo women do not fight only because of jealousy, but also when their children do some harm to one another or when they themselves get furious because of some gossip. Quickly they become friends with one another, in order to be able to tell scandalous stories about friends. By doing this, they try to find out the secrets of the new friend, gossiping about her afterwards in the same way as about the /149/ others. The men likewise are masters at lying and slandering. And as happens with all the gossipers of the world, the Bororo too, man and woman, are supersensitive; and easily become irritated when someone finds something to say about them themselves.

586 178 593 Neither sex severely protects conjugal fidelity. In this respect the director of the mission of Meruri told me: "In the past they would separate when the marriage was not going well; today, however, the marriages being Christian, and thus indissoluble, the husband would thrash the woman." As I found out, at times these beatings go as far as homicide. It is said that even in the past too, although rarely, it would happen that the man would kill the woman, and that, on the other hand, it would also happen that the woman's relatives liquidated him with some vegetal poison.

562 114 797 If the Salesian padres affirm that the position of the woman in the past was worse than today, and that now in

7:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1907
SP8 Bororo SP8

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turn for such a present. When he would take his betrothed to himself he makes a second similar present to her parents and they deliver her to him in his hut. Parents try to betroth their daughters while still young. We saw no large families, the largest number of children any one mother had being three. Extremely early marriage and the fact that the wife is driven to the baehytu whenever she displeases her lord may be reasons for small families. They hold their wives in utter subjection through fear of the bope and of the baehytu. A few of the leading men have two wifes, an [595]
old one, and perhaps also a girl wife. Only men who have killed the spotted tiger, or performed some other feat of valor, may take a second wife. Children are not born in the village. The pros- 844
pective mother hides herself in the bush until the child is born, and then returns to the village or is led back by female friends who go in search of her. It is common for children, espe- 862
cially girls, to nurse until they are six or eight years old, so large indeed that they can stand on the ground and nurse while the mother also stands. Younger children will climb up the mother's leg to reach her breast. They nurse at any time, the mother paying scarcely any attention to the child, who does absolutely as it pleases. The Xeráede and the Ta Naragêda in each village eats, fishes, hunts, works, and plays by itself. A man of the Xeráede cannot marry 582
a woman of his own party, but must select one from the Ta Naragêda, and vice versa. The Bororó have a tradition that the 173
Xeráede once possessed all things that the Bráede, civilized men, now possess, such as knives, axes, blankets, etc., but as these things brought calamity, they were obliged to abandon them. There is evidence that these Indians are made up of what was once two distinct tribes. The Xeráede tradition might indicate that the Bororó may have come in touch with the civilization of the Andean slope in ancient times.

The men are usually faithful to their wives—that is, they do not 586
abandon them, especially where they have children, though at rare intervals one will become dissatisfied with his areda, drive her from the hut, and he himself take up his abode elsewhere. Fights 578
between two married men are not uncommon through one intriguing with the other's wife. The conflict begins when the outraged husband berates the guilty one in shouts so loud that the whole village can hear, and the latter in turn at the other end of the village returns the compliment with interest. As they warm in their anger they emerge from their huts and finally get together, while all the men, women, and children of the village form a ring around them to

7:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1907
SP8 Bororo SP8

578 enjoy the sport. The fighters tumble, kick, and bite, and scratch with the poisonous spur or spine from the tail of a fish similar to the skate secured to their little fingers. Their endurance is marvelous and the fight may continue many hours, sometimes nearly all day, both parties constantly uttering their yells. The defeated party leaves the village, and the woman becomes the victor's prize.

241 412 The Bororó, like most other savage men, look to nature to furnish them with nearly all their food. About the only thing they cultivate is a little yellow corn, and even this with great difficulty, for they have no steel instruments. They are communistic, and therefore little inclined to attempt anything extensive in the way of agriculture or to provide a stock of food, for if one family should do this, it would only be to divide the harvest with the rest of the community and leave themselves with nothing for the morrow. There is thus no incentive for labor except when hunger drives them in 433 search of food. The Bororó is therefore acquainted with about everything edible in his environment, and he knows when and 226 where and how to obtain it. The river is by far his most important source of supply, and when fish are abundant in December, January, 222 and February he grows fat. The rest of the year he is obliged to look largely to the woods for food, though he is a more expert fisherman than hunter, and individual families wander abroad through bush and forest along the rivers. As to fruit and vegetables, the palm is his never failing friend. It will always provide him with something when naught else can be found. At every season of the year he may obtain the white cheese-like heart of a diminutive palm. The fibrous trunk of two or three other varieties, pounded and wrung out, gives a starchy, liquid-like milk which, when boiled in a clay pot and mixed with the yellow fruit of the burity, makes good soup; or he may dry the starch and make it into bread. Another palm, called burity by the Brazilians, yields a yellow fruit bigger than a very large plum, which he eats with a relish, though we considered it very insipid. Still another species furnishes an unfailing supply of nuts about the size of a goose egg. This he throws into the fire for a few minutes, then removes the thin outer shell, and scrapes off and eats a thin insipid substance very much like the inner bark of the slippery elm. He then splits open the remainder of the thick shell and obtains a white woody kernel, which he eats raw or pounds in a wooden mortar and makes into a loaf to be wrapped in a large leaf and baked into bread in the [283] ashes. This is considered quite a delicacy. The palm also furnishes material for his bows and for the shafts of his arrows. The

853 children climb the mother's leg to nurse. She does not appear to take any more notice of her child at such times than does a 162 mother goat her kid. Bororó families are small. I did not see a mother with more than three children. The *mêdo* are usually 593 faithful to their wives; that is, they seldom desert them, especially if they have children. At rare intervals, one becomes 586 dissatisfied with his *arêda* and drives her from his hut, then leaving home himself, goes to reside in some other village of the tribe.

578 Fights between two *mêdo* are not uncommon, owing, nearly always, to one meddling with the *arêda* of the other. The fight is precipitated by the outraged husband, as he perhaps sits at work in his hut, beginning to express his opinion of the other *mêdo*, and to hurl at him offensive epithets. The other *mêdo*, sitting in his hut at the opposite side of the cluster of huts, responds loudly with interest. As they become more and more enraged, they challenge each other to fight, prepare themselves and come out of their huts, and finally meet on the village playground; and every *mêdo*, *arêda*, and *naragêdo*—child—in the local horde abandons at once every occupation and forms a circle around the combatants, for an event of this kind is considered the finest kind of sport and not to be missed on any account. This is a go-as-you-please encounter; there are no rules, except that the dualists do not use deadly weapons. So they roll and tumble, and kick, and punch, and bite, and scratch one another, having the poisonous spine of the fish called sting-ray, armed to their little fingers, and bellow and roar continually, like fiends. Their powers of endurance are marvelous, and the combat often continues many hours. Finally, one is vanquished, and he leaves the village and the *arêda* in question to the victor, and takes up his residence in a distant village of [674] the tribe. The Bororó rarely murder one another.

142 The Bororó women are nearly as large and scarcely less 147 muscular than the men, and can carry heavy loads great distances, having been inured to this from childhood. When a 484 family moves from one village to another, or goes forth on a 482 two or three months' hunting and fishing expedition during the 462

/454 cont./

● 578 Today the younger of the two wives of Moguyokuri, a large, big-boned woman who seems to scorn all clothing, suddenly burst in with coarse vituperation. She had a bunch of mandioca [252] roots in her hand and in a fury tossed them at Eliseo"s feet. We had already noticed the general mandioca-roasting today in the men's house; the planting had once again been prematurely robbed of the thin root stalks. Moguyokuri's Xanthippe had apparently been unjustly accused of the theft; others had given her the mandioca. The quarrel took on ever greater proportions and lasted until evening. Two hostile parties among the women opposed each other. The loudest noise was made by "Maria," [554] Arateba"s sister, who, in general, played the most important role of all the Indian women. Maria had been Duarte's mistress, and it was rumored that he had decked her out with riding habit and feather hat; now, at any rate, she was walking about in only her national costume, a small, sturdy, nimble, and, according to our ideas, moderately attractive person with sparkling eyes.

When the squabble had reached its height inside one of the huts, it was to be fought out in a sort of wrestling match. Everybody rushed out to the plaza; Xantippe seemed to be the impartial one. Amid lively talk and gestures, they placed three women on one side and Maria opposite them alone. One of the three leaped forward with a big jump, Maria towards her. They clasped each other around the waist and a wild wrestling commenced. But in a few seconds they formed the center of a thick knot of onlookers and fellow combatants, a knot which itself kept milling about in the thick of things, and with a larger, looser crowd of people along the houses; it was a mad shoving and pushing, the men laughing, leaping, beside themselves with amusement, the women vying with each other in their howling, while the two opponents were locked in a tight embrace and clutched each other's hair. Finally they were pulled apart, but the word-wrangle began all the more violently, with several yelling at several others. One old woman in particular drowned out all the others with her shrill voice. Caldas, who, to his sorrow, saw that his

/454 cont./ Caldas, who, to his sorrow, saw that his
●578 tent-mate who was also taking part had her breast scratched, forced the
[629] great chief /455/ Moguyokuri in; with tremendous calm the latter stepped into the noisy crowd and suddenly it was quiet. There was not a sound; his mighty arm shoved aside the three most dangerous women at once. Maria had definitely lost; she did not say a word and stood scowling, arms crossed, her bosom heaving violently, while a friend on her side smoothed her tousled hair. More disgruntled ones tried to unleash the storm once again, but the laughter of Corona won out;

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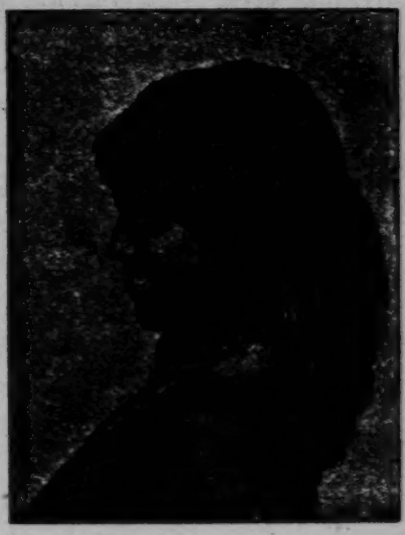

Fig. 127. Bororó woman.

578 they dispersed, and the shrill old woman, at a triumphant trot, was led off by three women.

519 Shaking our heads, we turned our steps homeward toward our shack, but there, too, we were driven back by an infernal noise. The soldiers were dancing and singing in the moonlight with their mulattoes and Indian women; they were making music with harmonica, with fork and plate -- carnival everywhere!

[526] I went back to the men's house; two men were practicing wrestling. They grasped each other under the arms, bending far forward, and remained in this position for a long time, until one of them suddenly tried one leg, or rather his heel, to press in the knee-hollow of the other one and knock him over, but he was lifted up and lost.

/463 cont./

872 after the other, the boys had to recite after him. For hours they practiced, gaily waving their paper, "bal, bel, bil, bol, bul, dal, del, dil, dol, dul." In several months they had not gone beyond this. Caldas himself seemed impatient, and during the short time that we were able to endure the performance he asked three times what time it was. Two Bororó fathers were sitting in the /464/ corner and occasionally also murmured absent-mindedly bal, bel, bil, bol, bul. Among my linguistic notes I find that the Bororó told me, "he is teaching the boys to read"; the sentence in literal translation corresponds exactly to the situation: "he is
876 teaching the boys to look at the paper." Caldas hoped, however, that there would soon be progress; he said the boys were an ill-behaved lot who first had to learn obedience. Up to now he had hit their fingers with a ruler if they did not pay attention. Now, however, he had an improved system of "palmatorios," two specimens of which he showed us. They looked like wooden spoons, except that they had a circular, flat end-piece, and this -- here was the improvement -- was perforated with holes like a sieve. The air whistles through the holes and this increases the pain. Well, I hope the new palmatorios stood the test and that the boys have meanwhile progressed at least as far as xal, xel, xil, xol, xul. In our day the entire result was always just dal, del, dil, dol, dul.

● 578 [273] The hostile brothers. On 9 April Arateba, in his drunkenness, again put on one of his sensational performances. Burning with rage, he tears down the house of a widow who would not let him have his way. He is quickly finished with this work, even though he threatens to fall over backwards with each jerk. His brother and two sensible friends hoist him on their shoulders and take him to his hut. There he has the weeping blues for a quarter of an hour, but after cold water has been poured over him he pulls himself together again and appears in front of headquarters. He
593 strides up and down like a roaring lion in a cage and challenges his brother, upon whom he heaps abuse in front of all the people, to a fight. His brother leaps at him and, crouched over, hops back and forth in front of him for a while; then they clutch each other with furious holds. Arateba is thrown to the ground four times.